

# THE SILENT WORLD.

Vol. II.

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1872.

No. 22.

## "MISUNDERSTOOD."

SILENCE is no certain token  
That no secret grief is there;  
Sorrow which is never spoken  
Is the heaviest load to bear.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,  
If it seek a lonelier still;  
Self-forgetting, seeking only  
Emptier cups of love to fill.

'Twill not be a fruitless labor,  
Overcome this ill with good;  
Try to understand your neighbor,  
And you will be understood.

## MOU-MOU.

BY IVAN TOORGENEF.

[From Lippincott's Magazine.]

IN an out-of-the-way street of Moscow there was living a few years ago, in a gray house with white columns, an entresol and a tumble-down balcony, a noble lady, a widow, together with her numerous servants. Her sons had positions in St. Petersburg; her daughters were married. She seldom paid any visits, and was passing in retirement the last years of her miserly, querulous old age. The gloomy, joyless morning of her life had long since passed, but its evening was darker than night.

Among her serfs the most remarkable was a house-servant named Garassim, a man of gigantic height, and a deaf-mute from birth. His mistress had brought him from the country, where he had occupied alone his peasant's house, living entirely apart from the other serfs, and where he had the reputation of being the most faithful hand. Endowed with unusual strength, he could do the work of four; no task was too difficult for him, and it was a pleasure to see him ploughing, for example, when, with his broad hands upon the plough, without the aid of the horse, he would tear up the surface of earth, or when at midsummer he swung his scythe so vigorously that he could easily have mowed down a grove of young birch trees, or when he was busily threshing with a flail seven feet long, never stopping, while the muscles of his shoulders would rise and fall like machinery. His eternal silence gave an air of mystery to his restless activity. He was a handsome fellow, and had it not been for his defect, any girl would gladly have had him for a husband. But one day Garassim was brought to Moscow at the command of his mistress; they bought him boots, made him a caftan for summer and a sheepskin coat for winter, put a broom and shovel in his hand, and called him the man-of-all-work.

At first his new life did not please him at all. From his childhood he had been accustomed to outdoor work and country life. Being separated, by his fate, from his kind, he had grown up there silent and strong, like a tree on fertile soil. But on being transplanted to the city he could not understand what was done with him; he was sad and confused, like a young, strong steer just brought from the meadow, with its rich grass as high as his knee, and placed in the cattle car of the railroad, and carried away through smoke and steam and showers of sparks, with clatter and whistling. Heaven knows whither. Garassim's task in his new position seemed like mere play after his severe toil in the country. In half an hour

he had finished everything, and then he either remained standing in the middle of the court-yard, gazing with open mouth at the passers-by, as if he expected from them some explanation of his mysterious position, or else he withdrew suddenly into a corner, hurled away his broom and shovel, threw himself upon the ground with his face to the earth, and remained for hours lying motionless on his breast, like a caged wild beast. Yet man accustoms himself to everything, and Garassim at last became used to his life in the city. He had but very little to do; his whole business consisted in keeping the court-yard clean, fetching water twice a day in a large barrel, fetching and splitting wood for the house and kitchen, keeping away suspicious persons, and watching by night. And it must be said he fulfilled his tasks with zeal; he suffered no bit of straw, no dirt in the court-yard. If, during bad weather, his poor horse stuck with the water-barrel in the mud, he would put his shoulder to the cart, and would move not only it, but the horse also, along farther. If he was chopping wood, his axe sounded as clear as glass, and the chips and pieces flew in all directions. As a watchman he was held in the greatest respect in the quarter after he had one night caught two thieves, and knocked their heads together so stoutly that the police held any further punishment unnecessary. And not only evil-doers, even innocent strangers, in broad daylight, were frightened at the aspect of this gigantic man, and used to cry out to him as if he could hear them. With the other servants Garassim stood, if not on the most friendly terms—for he was somewhat feared—yet upon a very intimate footing; he regarded them as his family. They tried to make themselves intelligible to him by signs, and he was able to understand them, and obeyed all their orders, but was strict in the maintenance of his rights; so that, for example, no one dared take his place at table. In general, Garassim had a stern and serious character, and liked order in everything; indeed, the cocks could not fight in his presence without his interference. When he saw them he would seize them by both feet, swing them around in the air a dozen times, and then throw them down, one to the right, the other to the left. His mistress kept geese also in the court-yard. The goose, it is well known, is a solemn, thoughtful bird. Garassim held these birds in a certain respect, tended and fed them; he was a sort of a goose of the steppes himself. He had been given a little room over the kitchen. He arranged it in his own fashion, and built a bed for himself out of oaken boards upon four logs of wood—a real giant's bedstead; one might have placed four tons upon it and it would not have yielded. Under the bed stood a massive trunk, in the corner a small table of equally strong make, and near this a three-legged stool, so firm and heavy that at times even Garassim, on lifting it in the air, would let it fall, when he used to smile contentedly. The room was also provided with a padlock, shaped like a cake, but black; the key Garassim used to carry in his girdle. He disliked to have any one enter his room.

Thus a year passed, at the end of which the following incident took place. The old lady whose serf he was, following in all respects the ancient customs, had a numerous corps of servants, as we have already mentioned. She had in her house not only washerwomen, seamstresses, cabinet-makers and tailors, but besides these a harness-maker, who also had the position of horse-doctor and doctor for the servants; moreover, a house-physician for her ladyship, and finally a cobbler,

named Capiton Climow, a thorough sot. Climow considered himself an abused and undervalued being, as an educated man especially suited for life in the capital, who ought not to be hidden in a dingy corner of Moscow; and if he did drink, he drank, as he used to say, with a pompous air, beating his breast, only from despair. Hence he once became the subject of conversation between the lady of the house and her major-domo, Gavriilo, a man who, judging from his little yellow eyes and duck-like nose, seemed fitted by nature for his office.

Her ladyship was expressing her regret at the moral defects of Capiton, who only the day before had been picked up drunk in the street. "What do you think, Gavriilo?" she said suddenly; "ought we not to marry him? Perhaps he might reform then."

"Why should not we marry him? We can," answered Gavriilo; "and that would be very good."

"Yes, but who will take him?"

"True. Still, your ladyship has only to command. We shall always be able to turn him to something. He's like all the rest."

"I believe he rather fancies Tatiana."

Gavriilo was on the point of saying something, but bit his lips and remained silent.

"Well, he can have Tatiana," her ladyship said decidedly, taking a pinch of snuff. "Do you hear?"

"You shall be obeyed," said Gavriilo, and left the room.

When he had reached his own room (it was an adjacent house, and almost filled up with iron-bound trunks) he in the first place dismissed his wife, then seated himself in the window, and was soon lost in thought. The unexpected command of his mistress had evidently perplexed him. Suddenly he arose and sent for Capiton. Capiton entered.

But before we narrate their conversation, we judge it proper to tell the reader in a few words who this Tatiana was whom Capiton was to marry, and why the order so disturbed the major-domo.

Tatiana, one of the washerwomen of the house, who, as the quickest and most expert of them all, took charge only of the more delicate work, was about twenty-eight years old, short, slight, and blonde, with a mole on her left cheek. A mole on the left cheek is considered by the Russians a bad sign, as betokening some misfortune in one's life. Tatiana confirmed this superstition, for she had every cause to be discontented with her fate. From her childhood she had known no peace. She did the work of two, but never had a kind word from any one, went poorly clad, received only petty wages, and had but few relatives. An old servant, who had been left in the village as useless, was said to be her uncle, and among the peasants there were a few others, but those were all. She was said to have been good-looking when younger, but her beauty had early faded. Her disposition was timid, or rather overawed. She was indifferent about herself, but afraid of others. She was only anxious to finish her work at the proper time. She never conversed with any one, and trembled at the very name of her mistress, although she had scarcely ever seen her. When Garassim was brought to the city she almost fainted at the sight of his gigantic figure, avoided meeting him in every possible way, and even shut her eyes when she had to pass him on her way to the wash-house. At first, Garassim scarcely noticed her; soon he began to smile at her good-naturedly when he met her; then he began to look at her more frequently; and at last he never turned his eyes from her. She had made an impression upon him—whether by her gentle expression or by her modest demeanor, who can say? Once, as she was crossing the court-yard, carrying carefully one of her mistress's dresses just starched, she felt her elbow grasped; she looked around and shrieked—Gar-

sim was standing behind her. Showing all his teeth and smiling amiably, he offered her a gingerbread cake. At first she did not want to take it, but he pressed her hand with violence, shook his head, went away a few steps, and turned round smiling amiably again. From that day he gave her no peace. Wherever she went he was there. He advanced to meet her, smiling and gesticulating with his hands; occasionally he took a ribbon out of his pocket, which he gave her; he went in front of her with his broom, and swept the ground before her. The poor girl knew not where to go nor what to do. Soon the whole household had heard of the deaf-mute's doings, and a storm of jests and jibes fell upon Tatiana. Few dared to make merry over Garassim; he did not understand a joke; so that Tatiana was left in peace when he was present. Whether she liked it or not, the girl came under his protection. Like all deaf-mutes, he noticed everything very soon, and knew very well when they were laughing at him or her. Once at table the housekeeper began to tease Tatiana, and went so far that the poor girl did not dare to raise her eyes from her plate, and almost burst into tears of vexation. Garassim arose suddenly from his seat, stretched out his enormous hand, placed it on the housekeeper's head, and looked at her with so fierce an expression that she involuntarily leaned her head down upon the table. All were silent. Garassim took up his spoon again, and went on swallowing his soup. "Oh, the deaf brute! the bear!" they all muttered half aloud, but the housekeeper arose and went into the servant's room. Another time, noticing that Capiton—the same Capiton of whom we have just spoken—was somewhat too familiar in his greeting of Tatiana, he beckoned to him with his finger, led him into the wagon-shed, and seizing a bar that lay in the corner, he threatened in an unmistakable way to apply it on the spot. After that no one dared address a word to Tatiana. Indeed, the housekeeper, after the incident we have mentioned, on getting into the other room fainted away, and in general acted in such a way that it reached her ladyship's ears on the same day. However, the eccentric old lady only laughed, and the housekeeper's intense mortification made her imitate the manner in which he had crushed her with his huge hands; and the next day she gave Garassim a silver rouble. She was indulgent to him as her strong and faithful watchman. Garassim had a great respect for her, and intended to ask her for leave to marry Tatiana. He was only waiting for his new caftan, which the major-domo had promised him, that he might approach her ladyship in a neat dress, when she suddenly hit upon the thought of marrying Tatiana to Capiton.

The reader will now easily understand the cause of the commotion in the mind of Gavriilo after his conversation with his mistress. "Her ladyship," he thought to himself while sitting in the window-seat—"her ladyship certainly is rather fond of Garassim," (Gavriilo knew that very well, and treated him with more amiability on that account;) "but he is certainly a speechless being, and I cannot tell her ladyship that he is running after Tatiana. And then, indeed, what sort of a husband would he make? But, on the other hand, as soon as this devil—God forgive me the word!—finds out that we are going to marry Tatiana to Capiton, he will break everything in the house; yes, he really will. How can one explain it to him? No one can bring such a devil—God forgive me!—to reason. As true as I live—"

The appearance of Capiton broke the thread of Gavriilo's thoughts. The dissipated cobbler entered, clasped his hands, leaned carelessly against the projecting corner of the wall near the door, crossed his right leg over the left one, and shook his head. He seemed to wish to say, "Well, here I am; what do you want of me?" Gavriilo glanced at Capiton, and began to drum with his fingers on the window-sill. Capiton only



half closed his lead-colored eyes, but did not look away, and even smiled, running his fingers through his tangled flaxen hair. "Well, here I am; what are you staring at?" he appeared to be thinking.

"You are a pretty fellow!" said Gavril, and then stopped—"a pretty fellow, I must say!"

Capiton only shrugged his shoulders. "Well, are you any better?" he thought to himself.

"Now, just look at yourself—look at yourself," continued Gavril, reproachfully. "Now, what do you look like?"

Capiton glanced calmly at his shabby, torn coat and his patched trowsers, gazed with especial interest at his worn-out boots, particularly at the right one, which gave an artistic representation of his foot, and then looked up at the major-domo: "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" repeated Gavril. "What is the matter? And you ask, What is the matter? You look like a devil. God forgive me, but that is the truth."

Capiton winked quietly: "Oh, go on. Curse me, curse me as much as you please, Gavril," he thought to himself.

"There! you have already been getting drunk again—so soon again! What? Well, answer."

"Owing to my feeble health, I am especially liable to succumb to the influence of ardent spirits," replied Capiton.

"Owing to your feeble health, indeed! You don't get flogged enough, that is the reason. And you who served your apprenticeship in St. Petersburg—much good you got from your apprenticeship!—you make no return for your daily bread."

"In regard to that, Gavril, another shall be my judge—the Lord God himself, and no one else. He alone knows what sort of a man I am, and whether I make return for my daily bread. But as for my drinking, in this case I am certainly not to blame, but rather my companion. He led me away, and then withdrew—that is to say, ran off, while I—"

"While you, you stupid fool! you lay in the gutter. Ah, you rascal! But that's not the point," continued the major-domo. He said nothing for a moment. "Her ladyship has judged it best for you to get married. Do you hear? They think you will settle down if you marry. Understand?"

"I do."

"Very well. In my opinion it would be better if your cravat was drawn a little tighter. Well, that's their business. What answer do you make? Are you willing?"

Capiton smiled. "Marriage is a pleasant thing for a man; and for my part I agree, with the greatest pleasure."

"Very well," replied Gavril; and he thought, "I must say the fellow talks well. But there is one circumstance," he continued aloud: "we have selected a bride who—who is not exactly the person you would choose."

"And who is she, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"Tatiana."

"Tatiana!" And Capiton opened his eyes and started up from the wall.

"Why are you so surprised? Don't she suit you?"

"That is a little too much, Gavril. I like the girl very well; she is an industrious, quiet girl; but then, you know, Gavril, that monster, that wild devil, is after her all the time."

"I know all that, my dear fellow," interrupted the major-domo, testily, "but—"

"But consider, Gavril. He will certainly kill me; as true as God lives he will kill me; he will kill me like a fly. He's got a big enough hand. Be good enough to see what a hand he has—a hand like those of Minin and Posharski.\* He is deaf, too; he will strike, and won't hear how hard he strikes."

It must seem to him as if he were beating his fist about in a dream. It is impossible to bring him to reason. Why? Because, as you know yourself, Gavril, he is deaf, and besides as stupid as a log of wood. He is a real brute, Gavril—worse than a brute. Why should I be injured by him? Anyway, I don't care much. I have endured every possible thing; I have been cleaned out thoroughly; still, I am a human being, and not a vessel to be cleaned out."

"Very well, very well; you needn't make it out worse than it is."

"Good Lord!" continued the cobbler, with warmth, "when will it stop? When, O my Creator? It is an endless misery. Oh my fate, my fate! when I think of it! In my tender youth I got nothing but blows from my German school-master; in the best years of my life I was beaten by my companions; and finally, in my maturer years, I must endure this!"

"Oh you coward!" said Gavril. "What's the good of all this talk?"

"What? What good? Gavril, I am not afraid of a beating. If my master beats me here alone, but treats me with respect before other people, I am still a human being. From whom shall I now have to endure this?"

"Come, be off!" interrupted Gavril, impatiently.

Capiton turned and went away slowly.

"But suppose he wasn't in the way," the major-domo shouted after him, "would you be willing?"

"In that case I should certainly have no objections to announcing my assent," replied Capiton, leaving the room.

His eloquence never abandoned him, even in desperate moments. The major-domo strode up and down his room two or three times; finally he summoned Tatiana.

After a few moments she entered the room, so quietly that he hardly heard her, and remained standing on the threshold. "What do you wish, Gavril?" she asked in a low voice.

The major-domo regarded her steadily. "Listen," he said kindly. "Are you willing to marry? Her ladyship has chosen a husband for you."

"As she pleases, Gavril. And whom has her ladyship chosen?" she asked timidly.

"Climow, the cobbler."

"As she pleases."

"He is a dissipated man, to tell the truth, but in this case her ladyship depends upon you."

"I shall obey her."

"The worst thing about it is that this mute, Garassim, is courting you. How is it you've won this bear's heart. He will strike you dead yet, the bear."

"He will kill me, Gavril, there is no doubt; he'll certainly kill me."

"Kill you! We'll see about that. How can you talk in that way about his killing you? Has he any right to kill you? Tell me."

"Yes. I don't know, Gavril, whether he has any right or not."

"Oh you! You haven't in any way promised him—"

"What do you mean?"

The major-domo paused, and began to think. "The innocent soul!" he muttered. "Very well," he added; "we'll talk it over another time; now go, Tatiana. I see you are really an obedient girl."

Tatiana turned, hesitated a moment at the door, and then went away.

"Perhaps her ladyship will have forgotten the whole affair of the marriage by to-morrow," thought the major-domo. "Why need I give myself so much trouble about it? We'll find some way of managing this ruffian in case there's any

\* A colossal double statue in Moscow.—TRANS.

Continued on 7th page.

# THE SILENT WORLD.

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WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 15, 1872.

WHEREAS, THE SILENT WORLD, published at Washington, D. C., in the interests of deaf-mutes, has won recognition as an able exponent of our class:

Resolved, That the said journal is entitled to our cordial approval and support; and,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, in convention assembled, do commend it to the attention and patronage of the deaf-mutes of our State.

## THANKSGIVING.

OUR national feast-day has been proclaimed by the President for the last Thursday of this month, the 28th.

There is much that is beautiful and appropriate in thus setting apart one day in acknowledgment of the many blessings the Supreme Giver has bestowed upon the nation and upon us all individually during the year. And still more appropriate is it that we should obey the injunction to "honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase," at the season when all our harvest is garnered in, and our "barns are filled with plenty, and our presses burst with new wine"—when the labors of the year bring us their reward, and we begin to count our gains.

There is no one, however lowly or however much afflicted, but can recall many things to be thankful for, and he who has little to acknowledge for himself has many national blessings to move his heart to gratitude. And it is more particularly as a National Thanksgiving that the day should be regarded; for then, more than at other times, we should let our hearts beat in unison with the great throb of humanity.

"We may not even call  
An ear of wheat our own;  
But where's the heart that takes no part  
In hailing Harvest-Home?"

Although deaf-mutes, as a class, have much to be thankful for in the continued increase of facilities for their education, in the spirit and energy which animate all those who labor in their behalf, in the greater care for their present and eternal welfare which is everywhere being shown, and in their elevation in every way in the social scale, they should not forget the country in which they live and the Government which makes all these things possible. Then let us, for this day in particular, consider ourselves as members of a great nation, and thank God for the peace and prosperity which rules the land, and for the plenty which enables us to place upon our tables the royal feast with which we celebrate the day.

SEVERAL communications are too late for this number. Correspondents should send their favors so that we can get them on or before the 9th and 22d of the month.

THE assistant editor of *The Journal* (we ask pardon for cutting down the name so, but it really is too long) very truly says that "it is folly to suppose" that two men can write two

columns of articles that will interest their readers, week after week. He didn't think so once, when he found fault with *THE SILENT WORLD* for printing a story now and then. But then, you know, it makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored.

JUST as we are sending in our last copy comes the news of the great Boston fire, rivalling that of Chicago a year ago. Of course, in a city like Boston, where so many of our class are congregated, some of them must be sufferers, and we, with our readers, anxiously await the details of the terrible event. From a note just received from Mr. J. G. Parkinson, of this city, we learn that the new Library and Lyceum Association, at 160 Washington street, was burned out. Mr. Parkinson was a witness of the fire, but does not know whether any of the property of the Association was saved.

THE *Mexico Independent and Deaf-Mute's Journal*—an inconveniently long name, by the way—has made its second appearance on our table. This time it comes much improved and enlarged, and is altogether a handsome sheet. The editor and assistant editor occupy the two columns devoted to deaf-mute interests in explaining the history of the enterprise. From their remarks we glean that they expect to have more space devoted to deaf-mutes before long; that 200 copies are distributed free to deaf-mutes in New York; and that \$100 of the \$500 appropriated by the State for its support is given to the widow of Mr. Levi S. Backus, former editor of *The Radii*. We bespeak for the new paper a kindly reception from deaf-mutes everywhere.

MR. AMOS SMITH is out with a circular, reiterating his previous charges against the Boston Library and Lyceum Association. After a careful perusal, we can find nothing in it besides Mr. Smith's assertion to prove that this new Library Association is a "bogus" concern. Indeed, from the fuss made, one would suppose that it was a very substantial affair, very likely to run down the United Society, of which Mr. Smith reveals himself the champion in his circular. The document which he furnishes from Messrs. Osgood and Marsh, two of the trustees of the Library Association, averring that they only consent to remain trustees to see the concern broken up and its funds transferred to the United Society, does not, we are afraid, "sufficiently explain the character of the library enterprise" to the understanding of people who are not, like Mr. Smith, blinded by prejudice. We have as little faith in the honesty of Mr. Bowes as an unbiassed person is likely to obtain from a contemplation of his unenviable reputation and peculiarly checkered career. But at the same time we doubt the honesty of the motives of Mr. Smith in his cholerical tilt against the Library Association. Indeed, the whole muddle—United Society, Smith, Library Association, Bowes, Swett, etc.—seems to us but a continuation of the quarrel that has been going on for years back. It is this quarrel that we condemn, and this, we think, is what the eminent gentlemen in Hartford and New York wish to be understood as doing in their reply to an appeal from Mr. Smith and his friends.

A DEAF-MUTE'S epitaph: "He died, and made no sign."

FROM 20 to 60 persons daily frequent the reading-room of the Boston Library Association, and the majority of them are young, unmarried men.

CHARLES H. COOPER, of Watertown, N. Y., was married to Miss Annie R. Churchill, of New Lebanon, N. Y., in Cleveland, Ohio, on Oct. 23. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of N. Y. Both were educated at the New York Institution, and the lady has of late been teaching in the Michigan Institution.

*Continued from 5th page.*

trouble; we'll put him in charge of the police. Justine!" he shouted out to his wife; "bring me some tea, my dear."

Tatiana scarcely left the wash-house all day. At first she wept a little, then she dried her eyes and went on with her work. Capiton sat till late in the night in the tavern with a friend with a scowling face, and told him with full particulars how in St. Petersburg he had been the servant of a gentleman the like of whom had never been seen, but that he had been very strict in his commands, and, besides that, had the slight fault of occasionally indulging too much in wine; and as to the female sex, he had had experience with all kinds. The gloomy companion listened to his narration with comparative indifference, but when Capiton said that owing to certain circumstances he should be obliged to lay violent hands upon himself the next day, he remarked that it was time to go to bed, and they separated coldly and silently.

The major-domo's expectations were disappointed. The idea of Capiton's marriage so fascinated her ladyship that the whole night long she could talk of nothing else to her companion, whom she kept in her house solely for her society during sleepless nights, and who, like a night-coachman, only slept in the day time. When Gavriilo appeared after breakfast to talk over business, her first question was, "Well, how is it with our marriage?"

He naturally replied to her that everything was going on as was desired, and that Capiton would formally ask for permission on that very day. Her ladyship did not feel very well, and did not busy herself long with her household affairs. The major-domo returned to his room and summoned a council. The case demanded a more searching examination. Tatiana, it is true, made no opposition, but Capiton declared plainly that he had only one head on his shoulders, and not two or three. Garassim cast sour, hasty glances at every one, kept himself near the staircase to the maid-servants' room, and appeared to notice that they were planning some evil design against him.

The council (at which was present the old butler, nicknamed Uncle Strunk, whom the others treated with the greatest respect, although no one had ever heard him say anything but "Yes, yes, that's the way—yes, yes") began by locking Capiton in a little room in which the filter was kept; this they did as a measure of precaution against any casualties. Then they fell to thinking. It would naturally have been easy to have recourse to violence, but God forbid there should be an uproar; her ladyship would be disturbed, and then there would be the deuce to pay. But what was to be done? After a long debate they came to the following decision. They had frequently noticed that Garassim had a profound detestation for drunkards. Every time that he, sitting at the gate, saw a drunken man reeling by with his cap over his ear, he turned away his face in disgust. Hence it was decided to induce Tatiana to pretend to be drunk and pass Garassim reeling. The poor girl resisted for a long time, but was finally persuaded, for she saw herself that it was the only way in which she could get rid of her lover. She started out. Capiton was let out from his captivity, for he was now concerned in the matter. Garassim was sitting on a post at the gate, scratching the ground with his shovel. From all quarters, from behind the window-curtains, curious eyes were watching him.

*[To be continued.]*

THE interest in religion among the deaf-mutes of Boston is failing very fast.

THE Deaf-Mute Ladies' Society, of Boston, has transferred its meetings from the rooms of the United Society to those of the new Library Association.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

### MR. WIDD CORRECTED.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB,  
NEW YORK, Nov. 5, 1872.

MR. EDITOR: Permit me to make one or two corrections in the statements of Mr. Widd, of Montreal, as cited by you in your paper of the 1st inst.

He gives the whole number of pupils of this Institution as 1,600. To this time we have received nearly 2,300, including those now in school. About 1,900 have been graduated or otherwise dismissed.

The Rev. Mr. Day, now Prof. Geo. E. Day, of Yale College, who twice examined the European, and especially the German schools, in 1844 and in 1860, and furnished reports of very great and permanent value on the teaching of articulation and its results, was never connected with the Hartford Asylum. He was for two or three years a teacher in the New York Institution, (1833 to 1835;) was sent to Europe with a commission from this Institution, and letters of instruction from Dr. Peet, and his two reports were annexed, the first to the 26th, the second to the 42d report of this Institution. Mr. Widd probably confounded Mr. Day with the late Louis Weld, the successor of Mr. Gallaudet at Hartford, who went to Europe at the time of Mr. Day's first visit, (1844,) examined many of the schools Mr. Day examined, and also published a valuable report, annexed to the twenty-ninth report of the American Asylum. Dr. Peet, accompanied by his son, the present accomplished principal of this Institution, visited Europe in 1851, and his report is annexed to the 33d New York report. His route varied considerably from those of Messrs. Day and Weld, as he examined more of the schools of Southern Europe, and fewer of those of Germany. But the results of the examinations of all three were the same, and are not materially modified by the later report of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of the Deaf-Mute College. These results were that the teaching of articulation is only in rare instances of practical value, except to the two classes of the semi-mute and semi-deaf who had acquired, or can acquire, a knowledge of articulate speech through the ear. All, or nearly all deaf-mutes can readily learn to speak a few words so as to be understood by those accustomed to hear them; and this degree of progress awakens delighted enthusiasm, and anticipations of wonderful final success in parents and teachers. But after years of patient labor most of those who were deaf-mutes from birth or early infancy are found to remain as much deaf and dumb as ever, except the ability to utter uncouthly, and unintelligibly to strangers, a few simple words. Hence it is that the English schools which began as articulation schools have, except one or two, long since given up that branch of instruction, or only retain it for the semi-mute and semi-deaf; and those who teach articulation can only produce here and there a rare instance of a deaf-mute from birth to whom this instruction is of any practical value after leaving school. Our American articulating schools are of too recent origin for conductors and advocates to have had time to get over the rose-colored illusions which prevail in the first periods of this branch of instruction, and to get down to the hard, practical fact that in the nature of things there are limits to the attainments of deaf-mutes in articulation and lip-reading which, though admitting rare cases of remarkable proficiency, are even for these inexorable bars to any considerable share of the social or intellectual enjoyments of those who hear and speak, and which leave the greater number much less able to enjoy social intercourse by speech and lip-reading than our pupils through signs, the manual alphabet, and writing.



## THE CLERC MEMORIAL—WHAT SHALL IT BE?

There seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to the place where the Clerc Monument should be erected, and as to the most appropriate kind of monument. I wish to say that for one I should take little interest in a monument to be located at Hartford, where I have only been once in my life, and which I may not perhaps visit again; and I should judge many other deaf-mutes share that feeling. Besides, there is talk of removing the American Asylum to some other site, and then what becomes of the monument? There are two plans which seem to be preferable. One is, to have a bust made, and casts in plaster or bronze, according to circumstances, taken from it for such Institution whose graduates subscribe to the fund. The other, which I should prefer, is to get up a Memorial volume, to wit, a biography and collection of Mr. Clerc's published pieces, with a portrait, autographs, and other illustrations; distribute copies of this to all subscribers of a certain amount, and hold the rest of the edition for sale, the proceeds of which, joined to any surplus of funds left after preparing the volume, may be used for a monument or for busts, or for such other purpose calculated to preserve the memory of this great benefactor of the deaf and dumb as the majority of our Clerc Monument Associations may decide.

J. R. B.

"SCHOOL for Scandal"—The Boston religious and literary societies for deaf-mutes.

We conjecture from his speech over the dead body of Cæsar—"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears"—that the demagogue Antony was the first ear doctor.

REV. THEODORE J. HOLMES, of East Hartford, Conn., whose sickness we noted in our last issue, has recovered, and has received an unanimous call to the pastorate of the Lee Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We observe that our energetic agent, Mr. C. Aug. Brown, of Belfast, Maine, although a life-long Democrat, came out with a letter in *The Belfast Age*, just before the State election in Maine, avowing his intention to vote for Governor Perham, and advising his democratic friends to do the same.

THERE is an article going the rounds of the papers that a French woman named Cleret has discovered an infallible cure for deafness. The prescription is, "sulphuric ether poured directly into the ear in a dose of four or five, or six or eight drops a day." Warranted to make you hear the last trump, at least. No wonder she went mad after discovering it by experiments upon herself.

THE *Oregon Statesman* says that a young deaf-mute man named Daniels was killed by the freight cars in Albany a short time since. He was about twenty years of age, and had never been educated. Mr. Smith, of the Oregon school, had tried several times to induce him to enter the school and study, but to no purpose; he seemed to have a dread of the school-room, and shunned the company of educated deaf-mutes.

Nor long ago two boys between eleven and twelve, one of whom was deaf and dumb, were loafing around one of the travelling minstrel halls in Quincy, Illinois, trying to get in. At last the dumb boy went up to the doorkeeper, and, by signs, made him understand that he was deaf and dumb, so the doorkeeper let him go in. The other, seeing the success of his partner, went up and made the same signs. "What!" says the doorkeeper, "are you deaf and dumb, too?" "Yes," said the forgetful lad. Then, as he received a taste of sole-leather, he remembered his part.

## COLLEGE RECORD.

ON Thursday, September 12, at noon, the little son of S. T. Greene, '70, was baptized at St. Thomas' Church, Belleville, Ontario. The witnesses were composed of about 30 friends of the family, who had assembled by invitation, and in their presence "Howard Greene" was received into the congregation of Christ's flock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Arthur Baldwin, B. A., of Toronto, who is the minister that married Mr. and Mrs. Greene. After the service the little congregation repaired to the family residence, where young Howard Greene was duly admired, and it is to be hoped that he may realize all the good health drank in his behalf. We must not forget to mention that the parents' wedding cake was the cake of the occasion—an omen which the superstitious consider especially happy.

COMM.

L'ÉPILARYNGORRHIFODEMIQUE rageth.

PRISONERS' BASE is becoming popular again.

A DISABTIFIED Soph calls those new caps inverted saucepans.

THE Lit. is getting up a pantomime for the Thanksgiving holidays.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE has caught our nine napping by challenging it to a game of ball on Saturday.

MR. C. S. STEVENS, of the Government Printing Office, has just returned from a ten-days' trip to Chicago.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE has started a paper "about the size of THE SILENT WORLD," says *The Daily Republican*.

PARKINSON, '69, has gone North to spend his month's leave of absence. He voted in New Hampshire for Grant on the 5th.

THE average health of the inmates of the Institution has risen since "Old Epizoo" closed down on the horses of the H-street railway.

"BARNEY" is College correspondent of *The Mutes' Chronicle*, and he writes very good letters, although his bump of locality is not very well developed.

AND now 'tis reported that the Preps are going to wear the new caps, too. The upper classes have agreed to let them wear the cap without any braid at all.

STRANGE to say, a pantaloons for the Thanksgiving pantomime is wanted by the Lit. If a pair of them would do, we advise it to apply at a second-hand clothing store.

M. C. FORTESCUE, of the Preps, has executed a very neat specimen of penmanship, embodying the rules of the Reading Club, and it has been framed, and hung in the Reading-room.

THE Rev. Mr. Larrabee, of Massachusetts, who was here on a visit to Prof. Chickering last year, has shown his interest in the Lit. by adding to its library several of Parkman's works.

ONE result of the recent election is of especial interest to the inmates of our Institution. It brings about Inauguration Day in March, and then, you know, we shall have a holiday to see the show.

WE are happy to greet again Mr. Robert Collins, who was so severely injured by the accident at the State Department last summer. He is now almost entirely recovered, and pursues his usual occupation of a brick-mason with his wonted skill and faithfulness.

THE Kitchen and Ash-House Railway is approaching completion. It will be partly used to convey the wash to the lines, and it is proposed to execute a flank movement on the epizootic forces by extending it to the city market, as that is only two miles farther west.

NOW that the epizootic has given us an excuse, are there none to imitate the example of Green, of '70, in hiring a sable representative of Popper's 25-cent express, to tote him home on his hand-cart, when footsore and weary he turns his face toward Kendall Green?

THE four upper classes have got those caps. They are of dark blue cloth, with shiny vizor, and ornamented with gold braid. The Freshmen sport one crooked band of braid; the Sophs, two ditto; the Juniors, three straight bands; Seniors, four, and the Selects have to content themselves with an oroid nose-strap.

ALL the Institution horses, five in number, have been attacked by the epizootic. The disease is causing considerable inconvenience. The bakers have to bring out our supply of bread in wheelbarrows, and the same means of transportation has to be used by our steward in doing the daily marketing of the Institution.

THE annual visit of the photographer has been made. This time it was a Baltimore camera that was levelled at us. We had some sad reflections on the vanity of being photographed and the danger of "Hipporhinorrhea," as

we watched the students sit shivering on the damp turf, waiting for the blessed thing to work.

THE Reading Club has commenced a photographic gallery of class pictures. Those of '69, '70, and '72 have been framed, and now grace the walls of the Reading-room. They are the focus of numerous admiring eyes, while such comments as "Bully set, that;" "Big wise, them;" "Much know he;" "Gay old cock, that G.," scintillate from gyrating arms and fingers.

At its last meeting the Lit. had a debate on the question, "Ought young ladies to be admitted to the College?" and decided it in the affirmative. The champions of the fair sex were Messrs. Chapin, Elwell, and Pope, and we recommend them to the good graces of the girls. We do not reveal the names of those who took the negative side, as they were *obliged* to do it to make a debate, and it would needlessly expose them to the vengeance of those they love as much as any one.

"THAT dog" has finally disappeared. He followed one of the boys to the city, strayed away, and a rain-storm coming on he lost the scent, and was unable to nose his way home. The Janitor now has peace; while many of the students are sorrowful, as they had become attached to the faithful little cur. 'Tis said that the dog had an unconquerable aversion to any one who could speak respectfully, and always exhibited it by bristling up and barking when spoken to by such a person.

MISS ALICE DENISON celebrated her birthday on Saturday evening, the 9th, by treating the girls of the Primary Department to her presence, mingled with some sweetmeats. The teachers and others, lured by the sweetmeats perhaps, but more probably by a desire to honor the occasion, and tempted by the pleasant aspect of the girls' parlor decked out in the bright colors of autumn leaves, dropped in one by one, and formed "a pleasant companie," that whiled away an hour or two with the dance and the everlasting and everlastingly popular "Button, button, whose got the candy?"

AUCTIONS are the rage just now to while away the half hour after tea, and before study commences. An enterprising Junior, with the gift of "gab," has set up as auctioneer, and wheedles the boys out of their shinplasters at the following rates: *Harper's Magazine*, a month old, 30 cents; *The Weekly and Appleton's Journal* aged a week and a day, dog-eared, and generally abused, 11 cents each, and other things in proportion. The Reading Club is getting rich by the sale of its old publications. All this looks very foolish, but 'tis the rivalry for the possession of a thing that leads them on. Sometimes one will try to force another up to a high figure, meaning to quit bidding when the other wavers, but is caught himself.

## INSTITUTION NEWS.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE are 274 pupils at the Illinois Institution, and 230 at Hartford.

At the Arkansas Institution, 52 pupils are in attendance, and 15 more are expected. Four classes are organized, 3 of them taught by ladies. A shoe-shop has been started.

### OHIO.

THE *Chronicle*—always readable—furnishes the following items: The Institution horses had not got the epizootic on the 2d.

Rev. Thos. MacIntire, principal of the Indiana Institution, called at this Institution recently on his return from a protracted Eastern trip. From statements he made at chapel service, it appears that he is the oldest superintending officer of deaf-mute institutions of the country, and also that Mr. Park has had the longest service as a teacher.

Quite a number of the pupils went home to vote for President on Tuesday, the 5th.

The Institution is again placed under obligations by the receipt of a beautiful monogram electrotype plate, designed and engraved by her grateful son, John Barrick, of Cincinnati. It will appear upon the coming annual report.

### OREGON.

THERE are now 23 scholars in this school, 10 of whom are new comers.

We learn from *The Oregon Statesman* that the members of the Oregon Legislature, by special invitation of Mr. W. S. Smith, the teacher of the school in Salem, assembled at the Congregational Church on the 15th of October, at 1 o'clock P. M., to witness the exercises of the school. Nearly every member was present, besides quite a number of other visitors. Rev. P. S. Knight, as usual, acted as interpreter, and made a few appropriate remarks, that were listened to with marked attention, and in as brief a manner as possible stated the objects of the school, and the success it had met with, notwithstanding its numerous drawbacks. He explained the difficulties met with in imparting knowledge to the mutes, owing to the fact that when they entered the school they in many cases did not know the names of surrounding objects of their every-day life; nay, not even their own names. The exercises of the scholars were of deep interest, and while it is hardly justifi-

able to particularize, special mention must be made of Miss Watkins and Mr. Bentley. The lady in question won the admiration of all by her self-possession and evident appreciation of the gift of knowledge. Her manners on the stage were pleasing, and her rendition of the poem she acted out wonderful. The same may be said of Mr. Bentley and others. After about one hour's stay, the members left, highly pleased with what they saw, and, we hope, fully resolved to provide by their votes for the care of this Institution.

### MONTREAL.

THE second annual meeting and public examination of the Protestant Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was held on the afternoon of the 10th of October.

The present number of pupils is 22. There are others waiting to be admitted, but they have to be refused until funds can be obtained and additional buildings erected.

Two trades have been introduced into this school, viz: printing and carpentry. The principal of this Institution, Mr. Widd, is himself a practical printer, and well able to teach his boys in the art.

The financial prospect of the Institution is far from being a bright one, as the treasury is not only empty, but the Institution is slightly in debt. The Managers propose to sell the property in a year or eighteen months, and meanwhile to secure, as soon as possible, a cheaper site elsewhere, where they would have land enough to teach the pupils agriculture, and where they could erect buildings suitable for the increase in the number of pupils.

At the meeting referred to above, the pupils of the Institution were examined, and in the various questions put to them displayed a considerable amount of knowledge. The Lord's Prayer in pantomime was very beautiful. One feature of the meeting was the reading of an address of thanks by Master C. Butt, a semi-mute, who is in a fair way to acquire the advantages of communication by voice. The examination, which was brought to a close by giving "God Save the Queen" in pantomime, was very interesting and instructive, and must have convinced every one present of the good the Institution is doing.

### IOWA.

THERE are at present 50 boys and 43 girls in this school, and more are coming, which it is expected will make about 100 in all. One class of new pupils consists of 14 girls and 7 boys, and it is probably the first one in the history of the Institution in which the number of girls is largest. The number of new pupils has become so large that two classes have been formed.

A new teacher has been appointed, in the person of Mr. John A. Gillespie, a hearing gentleman. He is inexperienced in deaf-mute instruction, but is very capable, and is much liked.

Mr. E. Murray and Miss Elizabeth Surber were married by the Rev. Mr. Talbot, four days before school commenced. They were formerly pupils, and are now employed about the Institution.

"Checokee, Iowa, is agitated concerning the mysterious disappearance of a deaf and dumb printer named John McCusker," says *The Council Bluffs Nonpareil*. McCusker was formerly a pupil in this Institution, and also at one time in the Wisconsin school.

On the evening of the 20th of October, large fires were raging for miles around the Institution. One of the neighbors lost all of his corn and haystacks by the fire. Another, whose haystack, house, &c., were threatened, came to the Institution and asked help from the boys. Although it was late in the night, they willingly consented, and helped him put out the fire, much to the good man's relief.

All of the pupils are well except one. The boys are now employed for two hours each day in gathering the crops.

Your correspondent has been sick, but is now recovering, and expects to be able to teach again in a week. This fact accounts for his long silence.

J. C. H.

### NEW YORK.

I WAS laid up for a few days with the chills and fever, or I would have written to you before.

On the 16th of October, Prof. W. Jenkins, of this Institution, was married to Miss Isabel Vandewater, of Schenectady, lately one of our semi-mute teachers, and a graduate of our High Class. This makes seven of our teachers, including the principal, who have deaf-mute or semi-mute wives, and it is a curious fact that all our teachers who have married within several years have chosen "silent partners."

The Rev. John H. Pettingell, who was a teacher in this Institution from 1837 to 1843, and has since been active in the cause of missionary and other Christian enterprises, not, I think, as a missionary in heathen lands, but as an agent in this country and Europe, has recently resumed his ancient relations to the Institution. Considering that he has not been engaged in teaching the deaf and dumb for nearly 30 years, and has only occasionally met them, he retains in a remarkable degree a facility in signs and the manual alphabet.

It is reported that there has recently been another escape from celibacy to the united state by two of our graduates, Charles Cooper, of Rochester, and



Margaret A. Woolever, of Jefferson county. These frequent marriages between two deaf-mutes suggest the question whether such unions are advisable. In our view, deaf-mutes should be encouraged to marry when they have assured means of supporting a family, and not before. But no parent with a grain of common sense would entrust a daughter's happiness to a pauper, loafer, or vagabond, whether deaf-mute or not. The only case in which two deaf-mutes should not be encouraged to marry is where deaf-mutism from birth prevails in both families. Such unions seem not unfrequently to intensify, or at least to perpetuate, the tendency to deaf-dumbness, which, by a marriage into a family where the case of deafness was only accidental, might wear out. For instance, more than forty years ago two of our graduates, each belonging to families containing several deaf and dumb children, married, and all their six children were born deaf and dumb. Such cases are numerous enough to make it prudent for deaf-mutes from birth to choose rather partners not deaf from birth.

We expect to visit the great fair of the American Institution on Monday, the 28th of October.

On the 25th of October we were favored with brief calls from two distinguished teachers, Mr. McIntyre, of the Indiana Institution, and Mr. E. C. Stone, of the American Asylum.

We have thus far 450 pupils. More are expected, and we may perhaps reach our usual number of about 508 by the end of the year.

On election day, November 5, our pupils extemporized a Grant club and a Greeley club, and played a lively game of base-ball. The Greeley boys won handsomely, reversing the result at the polls.

J. R. B.

### THE FORTNIGHT.

#### HOME.

THE horse disease has been prevailing to a great extent in the country, much to the interruption of business and travel in the principal cities.—The Walter Scott monument was unveiled in New York Central Park on the 26th ult. Wm. Cullen Bryant delivered an oration on the occasion.—The youngest and last son of Patrick Henry died in Charlotte county, Va., on the 11th ult., in the seventy-third year of his age.—At De Kalb, Ill., a balloon broke loose, and flew upward before the aeronaut had entered the car; and a hanging rope caught around the leg of a man, and carried him up to a height of 100 feet, when he managed to get into the basket, but when the balloon had reached the distance of 400 feet from the earth, he deliberately jumped out, and was picked up dead.—Two young members of the Georgia chivalry fought a duel at Atlanta some time ago with double-barrelled guns, charged with buckshot, distance, 40 paces.—A physician in Boston has been fined \$50 for failing to report a case of small-pox.—Chicago has become excited over the enforcement of the Sunday liquor law. The Germans can't get through Sunday without their beer, and denounce the law as a relic of Puritanism.—Bishop Huntington has declined to lecture in a course by eminent clergymen, of different denominations, because Henry Ward Beecher is to be one of the number.—Duluth boasts "excellent pink sandstone." It is said to be first-rate for cleaning kitchen floors and doorsteps.—A smart team of horses ran away at Sumpter, Wis., and thereby stirred up a hive of bees, which stung them to death.—A pious Oregon woman wants a divorce from her husband because he shot on Sunday a bear that was killing his hogs.—The steamship *Missouri*, running between New York and Havana, was burned off Abaco on the 22d ult. Only 12 lives are known to be saved, the number of lives lost being over 80.—Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin have been arrested on charge of libel and publishing an obscene paper, containing outrageous and indecent charges against the honor of Henry Ward Beecher, and the wife of Theodore Tilton.—The Treasury Department has determined to prosecute the officers of the steamer *Meis* for violation of the regulations in relation to vessels propelled by steam.—The trial of Mayor Hall for wilful neglect in his duties as chief magistrate of New York city resulted in a disagreement of the jury.—Three inches of snow fell at Island Pond, Vt., last week.—Forty thousand Israelites are coming to this country.—The President's horses are sick with the prevalent disease.—Two degraded women fought in the prize-ring at Baltimore, two weeks ago.—Kansas had a storm of two-ounce ice-balls one night, after a sultry day, two weeks ago.—The wife of Horace Greeley died on the 30th ult.—General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, died on the 6th inst.—The second steamship of the Philadelphia and Liverpool line, christened the *Ohio*, has been launched.—Philadelphia wants to spend \$3,000,000 on Fairmount Park.—The South is not exempt from the horse disease, for there are several cases at Charleston, S. C.—William H. Seward's life was insured for \$100,000.—Louisiana oranges are sold on the trees by the producers at from \$5 to \$10 a thousand.—Only 10 States voted at the first Presidential election; at the last election, 37 States voted.—There are not enough horses in Boston to bury the dead, and hearses have been drawn to the cemetery by men.—Hazing is practised by the young ladies of the University of Michigan.—There is snow on the dome of Mount Washington to the depth of 4 feet.—A lady in Boston, who got into an omnibus drawn by men, not only paid the new 25-cent fee cheerfully, but handed the driver a dollar "for the men."

#### POLITICAL.

THE Presidential election has come off, and President Grant is re-elected for the coming term.—Pennsylvania may have the honor of being the banner State, as she has given President Grant the largest majority any State has; it is estimated at from 100,000 to 125,000.—One county in Michigan did not cast a single vote for Greeley.—General John A. Dix is elected Governor of New York.—F. M. Havemeyer is elected Mayor of New York city.—Susan B. Anthony and eight women voted at Rochester, New York, at the Presidential election.—Horace Maynard has been elected to Congress over ex-President Andrew Johnson and rebel General Cheatham in Tennessee.—President Grant's popular majority ranges from 600,000 to 800,000, the largest majority a President has ever received.—Greeley has resumed the editorial charge of *The Tribune*, and declared his intention to make his paper an independent journal.

#### FOREIGN.

THE postal treaty between France and the United States, reducing the rates of postage nearly one-half, has been approved by the State Departments of the two countries, and an early exchange of ratifications is anticipated.—Count de Chambord has written a letter protesting against the Republic of France as a permanent form of government, and asserting that monarchy alone can save France.—President Thiers has received information of a threatened Bonapartist intrigue, and many persons supposed to be implicated are to be arrested.—Senator Sumner had an interview with Gambetta at Paris. Mr. Sumner expressed the warmest sympathy for the French Republic, but regretted the want of sincere religion in France. Gambetta was impressed by the interview with Sumner.—Rev. Jean Henri Merle d'Aubigne, the celebrated historian of the Reformation, died suddenly in Geneva on the 21st ult.—An inundation of the Po has caused terrible devastation and suffering, thousands of people being driven from their homes.—The floor of a courtroom in Danus, county Cork, Ireland, gave way two weeks ago, and two hundred persons went down with it; many were killed, and forty very badly injured.—The Emperor William and his ministers have been engaged in a contest with the Upper House of the Prussian Parliament with regard to the country reform bill. The King and his ministers insisted that the Lords should yield and pass it, but they refused to do it by a vote of 145 to 18. The King has therefore dissolved the Diet, and called for new elections.—The cholera has appeared in Austria, Hungary, and Germany, causing much alarm among the people.—The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony was celebrated on the 4th inst., with splendid and imposing ceremonies.—The horse disease has appeared in England.—Rome is to have a daily newspaper in the English language, to be edited by an American.—There was no abatement of the floods caused by the overflow of the Po on the 31st ult. Over 4,000 men were at work night and day erecting barriers to arrest the further progress of the water.—There was a terrible hurricane in the north of Italy on the 5th inst., in which half of the buildings in the town of Palazzolo were destroyed, and thirty-two persons were killed by the falling walls and timber. By this calamity one thousand families were rendered homeless.—In Belgium twenty-one men and boys were killed in a coal mine, in consequence of the giving way of the lowering machine in which they were descending to work.—Typhoid fever is epidemic in Yeddo, Japan.—There was a desperate battle between the Spanish forces and the insurgents in Cuba on the 30th ult., in which the insurgents were routed with loss of forty-one killed. The Spaniards lost five men.—Lerdo de Tejada has been elected President of Mexico. This country is now quiet.—The American and British Governments have addressed a joint note to Portugal summoning her to put an end immediately to the traffic in coolies on the African coast, which is still carried on by Portuguese traders, with the knowledge of the government, and without its interference.—Twelve young American ladies are now making a tour of Europe under the charge of an enterprising governess and a competent courier. They have been up the Nile, to the Pyramids, in Syria, and around.—Over a thousand young American girls are at school in France.

#### OUR SUBSCRIBERS' CORNER.

[Under this head we will answer short questions asked by our readers.]

MARION LITTLETON, a graduate of the Ohio Institution, is at work cutting nails in a nail factory at Bellaire, Ohio. We send you a copy. If you put off paying three months, the subscription will then be \$1.75.

A. J. BECKWITH, of Smithport, Pa., sets a good example to all of our subscribers. Although his subscription does not expire till the 1st of January, he sends us \$1.50, and renews, thereby getting the splendid engraving, *Happy Hours*, immediately. He is a printer by trade, and says he feels very friendly toward all "respectable deaf-mute publishers."

JAS. MCBRIDE, formerly of the Washington Institution, and now in Michigan, sets another good example. Being unable to get the exact change for his subscription, he, instead of haggling us down a few cents, sends five cents too much, remarking that he "will give us so much to help the good paper."

GEO. E. BRONSON writes a business-like letter in an elegant hand, requesting us to send "the chromo." Our picture is not a chromo, but an engraving worth half the "chromos" offered as premiums.